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Life



MARY MACDONALD!

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"



Published every Thursday. Annual Subscription
Five Dollars. Single Copies, Ten Cents.
Price in England, Sixpence.

• LIFE •

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LONDON LIFE

Cork Tip
Cigarettes

"Most Extraordinary"

By Appointment
to His Royal
Highness, The
American
Gentleman



10 Cents Here - 10 Pence There



CLAI
TOU

Some Proposals

(Compiled by a Popular Young Girl.)

No. 1—The indecisive kind. Hung around nearly every night for four weeks, took me to the theatre only twice, and finally wound up by asking me if I would mind waiting five years.

No. 2—Sent me a long letter and said if I wouldn't have him he would kill himself. And then he proposed to my dearest friend two days after I turned him down.

No. 3—Wanted me to live on a farm after he had finished at Harvard.

No. 4—Said he had a "plan" which, if it matured, would enable him to get married, and in such a case he hoped I wouldn't forget him.

No. 5—Elderly widower who wore a white bow-tie and a frock-coat. He informed me privately that he was a devil when he got started.

No. 6—Gave me a financial statement of his affairs and asked me point blank to be his wife.

No. 7—The one I took—the only one who didn't have to ask me.

DIARY January 14, 1814.
"We started to Philadelphia today and it proved a rare cold day for a journeying. We left the coach at noon day for the comforts of a wayside inn where we lingered over some wonderful

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

Thoroughly appreciated in the days of stage-coach journeys—and just as good today. A straight Pennsylvania Rye whiskey of mellow flavor and rare bouquet. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

CLARK'S TOURS
Splendid new routes, including new series Vacation Tours at Popular Prices for midsummer. High class tours, small membership limit; frequent sailing, May 7th to July 3d. Rates \$275 up, really inclusive.
F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

FEDERAL TIRES

Double - Cable - Base



We Built and Sold
100,000
Double-Cable-Base
Tires
Before We Told You
About Them

WE BUILT and sold 40,000 before we told *the trade* about them. We felt sure this new construction was better than anything that had been done before, and we wanted to know *just how much better* it was.

Last May the first Double-Cable-Base tires were shipped from the Federal factory. Thousands were sold during the summer.

By August we began receiving the most favorable comments from Federal users and Federal dealers. Just voluntary comments on the splendid service Federal Tires were giving. They said Federal Tires showed no rim-cutting, no side-wall blow-outs just above the rim, no tube-pinching, no slipping from the rim.

Federal users were experiencing none of these common, costly and dangerous tire troubles, but they didn't know *why*. Well this was *why*. They were using Double-Cable-Base tires, the new construction that makes *impossible* these tire troubles.

By winter it had been shown as a *certainty* that our exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction was the *biggest improvement in the history of pneumatic tires*.

From our very first announcement to the public—the car owners of America—there has been a tremendous demand for this new type of tire.

Straight wall and quick detachable clincher styles. All sizes for standard rims. Rugged and smooth treads.

FEDERAL RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Branches, Service Stations and Distributors in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.



To Escape Socialism

If you don't like Socialism and Socialists, go to South Carolina. In South Carolina only one-third of one per cent. of the voters, a mere trace, are Socialists; whereas in Oklahoma and Nevada, where the Socialists are most ubiquitous, they are fifty times as numerous. We have received no authoritative word from South Carolina as to her state of mind in regard to this situation, but, knowing States as well as we do, there is no hazard in saying that South Carolina, as well as both Oklahoma and Nevada, are extremely thankful that things are just exactly as they are. State pride is based on loving your State just as it is and standing up for its "fair name" even though it be a little dark-complexioned.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



*Yes, the Fool's
Number of*

Life

is coming Next Week

We Get Help

Our more or less frantic appeals for a coupon that would not detract from the artistic value of this remarkably interesting page, have met with a response from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Orson Lowell has come to the rescue, and we present his coupon opposite as being a masterpiece of un-business-like appeal.

In the meantime, why not become a regular subscriber and get the paper regularly? To do this, obey that impulse, and send your dollar according to what the coupon says and become one of the inner circle.



Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)



Baker
Electrics



Better Than A Limousine— The Baker Electric Double Drive Brougham

It is the ideal big car for social or family use. Nothing finer nor more imposing moves on any street. It requires no Chausseur; it runs up no heavy expense bills. It carries five passengers with perfect comfort and rides along so easily that any woman can drive without exertion. As to economy, it costs less to operate and maintain than any other large electric,—many times less than any limousine.

See your dealer or write us direct.
The Baker Motor Vehicle Company, Cleveland, O.



Keep Your Car!

The White Company's Solution of the Annual Trading Problem

Too many cars sold today are built to be traded; to last but one or two years; of ordinary materials; of extreme design; and, therefore, quickly useless and out of style. The second-hand market is flooded with such cars, and their value is next to nothing.

There Are Practically No White Cars on the Second-Hand Market

The real merit of any make of car is best shown by its absence from the second-hand market.

Look through the classified lists of any newspaper. Note the scarcity of Whites in the column after column of cars advertised for sale. Think what this means.

The chassis of White Cars are built in the same factory, by the same men, of the same identical materials as White Trucks.

And the most essential points of motor truck superiority—the features which have given White the supremacy among all motor trucks, both in quantity and value of production—are durability and continued economy of operation.

The bodies of White Cars are proper in outline, dignified and conservative, and because never extreme, are always in style.

White bodies are built, like White chassis, to last for years, and are not designed to make the owner feel obliged, for mere appearance sake, to purchase a new car every year.

Extreme styles in motor cars are due more to the desire on the part of the manufacturer to force an immediate market rather than to sell cars which will give definite satisfaction for years to come.

So thoroughly does the public believe in the superior wearing qualities and continued economy of operation of White Cars, that every White Dealer has a waiting list for used White Cars which he cannot supply.

The White Company, as far as White Cars are concerned, has no second-hand problem.

And because the demand for used White Cars so far exceeds the supply, White Owners are continually importuned to trade their cars for other makes, because dealers know that used Whites can be sold immediately for the highest cash price.

But White Owners rarely trade. They know that their old Whites are better today, more economical to operate, and will be worth more next year and in years to come than the new cars offered in exchange.

Buy your car from a manufacturer who builds for keeps—not for trades.

THE MANUFACTURING AS WELL AS THE SALES POLICY OF THE WHITE COMPANY HAS ALWAYS OPPOSED FREQUENT TRADES

We issue separate catalogs for White "30" "40" and "60" Passenger Cars, also for White "Delivery Trucks" and "Heavy Service Trucks." We will gladly send the ones you want

 **THE WHITE COMPANY**

*Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs
CLEVELAND*



May

NOW in the parks once more begin,
The tulip leaves earth's jail to
break,
And, pushing up, enlargement win,
Like plums escaping from a cake.
And folks who see them say: "The
worst
Is over now. Spring's going to burst."

I don't mark time by them; when
Jane's

In town to me it's cheery spring,
No matter if bleak hurricanes
And blizzards rage like anything.
When Jane's not here it isn't May,
No matter what the tulips say.

E. S. Martin.

Inaccurate

"WHAT makes Smithson's nose so
red? Does he drink a good
deal?"

"Why, no, I don't think so. I know
him well and never saw him drink
much. I think his nose must be like
my gas meter—registers more than it
consumes."



— Otto Cushing —

ROYALTY DISAPPROVES THE TANGO

"AND MICHAL, KING SAUL'S DAUGHTER, SAW DAVID—LEAPING AND DANCING—; AND SHE DESPISED HIM IN HER HEART"



"NOW, JOHN, I WANT YOU TO APOLOGIZE TO WILLIAM FOR CALLING HIM A LIAR"
"I—I APOLOGIZE FOR CALLIN' YE WH-WHAT YE ARE"

The Red Tape of the Intellect

MR. A. J. BALFOUR has been delivering a series of lectures on philosophy in England. We quote from his last lecture:

"How does it come about that there is a coincidence between a rational series which is a logical justification of beliefs and a casual series in which reason does not appear till the latest stages?"

One answer, Mr. Balfour, is to say that God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. Another answer would be to give it up.

Mr. Balfour has been distinguished for many years as a philosophical thinker in the first rank of England's leading thinkers. As an all-around man, he probably stands to-day almost at the head of England's foremost men. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Balfour, distinguished as he is,

should seem to be troubled with the same complaint that comes to so many of what we may term "over intellectual men". He has yielded to the temptation to reduce the world to a system. The shore of history is strewn with the wreckage of intellects who have made this same attempt. There is always a point beyond which it is not safe for any man to think. This point is usually reached when what the man says cannot be readily understood by persons of ordinary intelligence. It is a pretty fair test of any man's intellectual capacity when he is able to make himself clear to his contemporaries, not to the smaller number of those who have tuned themselves up to an artificial philosophical vocabulary, but to the greater number who understand the language of Plato, of Homer, of Shakespeare and Macaulay.



Householder: WOULD YOU MIND POSTING THIS IMPORTANT LETTER, TO-NIGHT? IT'S MY BURGLAR INSURANCE!

A Counter Proposition

CALIFORNIA has just suggested that we appoint one day in the year, to be known as "Orange Day", when each family in the United States shall buy at least a dozen California oranges. Wouldn't the law of supply and demand get in some fine work if such a day ever got thoroughly established? Anyone who has ever bought turkey at Thanksgiving, duck at New Year's, lilies and eggs at Easter, coal in the winter, ice in the summer, and so on, will recognize the verisimilitude of the following typical dialogue:

LOYAL HOUSEWIFE: How much are your California oranges to-day?

HUMBLE DEALER: Six dollars a dozen.

L. H.: Oh, my, what makes them so dear?

H. D.: Supply and demand. This is Orange Day, you know, and we won't have enough for all our customers as it is.

L. H.: They don't look very good, either. What are these over here? They look much better.

H. D.: Oh, yes, they're better, but they're Floridas. Those are only thirty cents a dozen.

L. H.: Oh, dear, no. I wouldn't think of having any but the Californias on Orange Day. If that's the very best you can do, you may send me three dozen.

No, Proud Sovereign of the Golden Gate. We do not see our way clear to such an Orange Day as you propose, but we would consider an Orange Day upon which you make us each a present of a dozen oranges. E. O. J.



THE STORY OF A BRIDE WHO FINDS THAT HER HUSBAND IS THE GRANDFATHER OF THE MAN SHE REALLY LOVES

Courts of Justice

A COURT is a place where one gets justice, provided one has money enough to pay for it, time enough to wait for it, strength enough to fight for it, reputation enough to command the respect of the judge, and shrewdness enough to keep one's lawyer from raking off the most of it.



Professor Cricket: OH! MA CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE TEAKETTLE! YOU WILL NEVAIRE MAKE ZE GREAT SINGAIRE. YOU SING THROUGH ZE NOSE!

What is the Matter With the Pacific Coast?



SOMETHING said in LIFE the other day about "The Coast" and its people has brought some responses, and stirred some of the Coast's vehicles of reprobation into activity. What they say about LIFE and its opinions will hardly seem important hereabouts where LIFE is familiar and always convenient for inspection and reproof, but all the light they throw on the Coast and its people is welcome, because the Coast is interesting and very prone to butt into discussion, and our knowledge of it is limited.

HERE is a valuable descriptive passage from the Oakland *Enquirer* which we are proud to have inspired. It is from an editorial, headed, with characteristic superiority to eastern grammar, "The East Don't Understand Us":

Pretty much everything worth while seems to have left the New England region, not forgetting that "Life" still lingers there. To help our eastern critic to understand us, let us remind him that where we now stand New England stood, in 1776, before her fall, hospitable to all the novelties and distrustful of all stabilities of political and social life, as English critics of the Continentals said.

We, of the West, are strenuous—Progressive, if you please—virile, vigilant, courageous. We are daring—even fearless, adventurous if you like—unafraid and unabashed. We do not believe—we know better—that the world was finished with New England, nor that man reached his highest possible attainments in that ancient region. On the contrary, we believe that the hope of national progress lies in western mentality and force. We admit our iconoclasm, and are proud of it, freely granting to ancient New England such consolation as her stodgy tranquillity may afford. We glory in our strength and mental elasticity; our fearlessness to try all things and our wisdom to hold fast only the sound and good. We believe that westward the perfect fruit of mental activity takes its way, as with the

star of empire. We believe in ourselves and in our country.

And, since our manners and culture are in question, we don't mind saying that the West not only leads the nation in economic thought, but it sets the pace in education, patriotism and social purity.

Poor, dear New England! It can make a good defense against this charge of responsibility for LIFE. Not on the Coast, we suppose, any more than on the Hudson River, should the words of a single newspaper be accepted as representative, but, inviting correction, we presume the *Enquirer* has set forth in a rough way the prevailing Coast attitude. It is pleased with the Coast; it does seem to believe that the Coast is, or is going to be, the top apple on the tree.

MAYBE it will; maybe it will. The country of the Coast is a very wonderful country, indulged by nature in various particulars of climate and soil. It is a big country, too, as tall as the United States and wide enough; full of wonders, natural, human, political; big trees, big potatoes, big heads, and gold, and golden fruit and apples and some salmon still left in its northern river. Nobody ought to want to put limits to the development of man. We should all stand ready to pay out generously to man all the rope he can use. If we have in the United States a great region where everything grows big, and out of which we may reasonably hope that a race of supermen may rise, we ought surely to rejoice. It is the world's gain. We need the supermen.

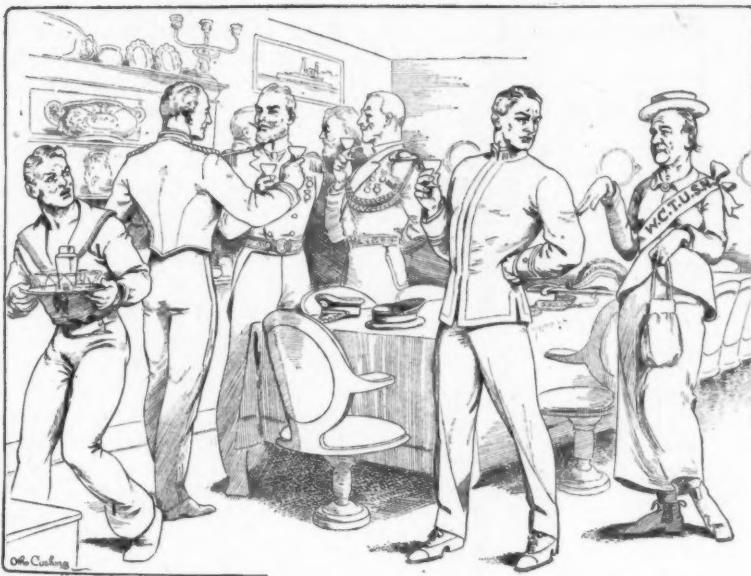
The Puget Sound country looks on the map like a promising prospective home of supermen. They tell us that Alaska is such another cloudy, northern country as the Saxons and the Angles came from, and is capable of reviving the vigor of once-great breeds. If Alaska and all the Coast is to be the great sanitarium of this era of machinery and is to re-create a race exhausted by speeding up, that is nothing to repine at, but a prospect full of hope and encouragement to us all.

Most of us are tired, and think of re-creation with enthusiasm.

THERE is a good deal in this theory of the Coast as a sanitarium, and if we accept it we shall inspect the patients already resident there with quickened interest, and with indulgence, and hopeful concern for their welfare and improvement in all respects. There is no doubt that the Coast does something to the people who go there. They are nearly all, practically, eastern people, some gradually, some immediately, transplanted. But they are different. Eastern visitors who go to see them notice the difference at once, and bear testimony about it. The Coast people strike them as being "curious". They find them interesting, likable, very hospitable and kind, but, apparently, more or less intoxicated. The details of the intoxication vary according to localities. The mental deviations of Seattle are not the same as those of San Francisco, nor those of San Francisco identical with those of Los Angeles; but the fact of the intoxication is observed all the way down. We speak in this matter entirely by hearsay, not accusing nor asserting, but only reporting, but all reports convey the same impression, however differently expressed.

AND the passage quoted above from the Oakland *Enquirer* bears it out a good deal. It is a visibly intoxicated utterance; rather enviable so. The whole intoxication of the Coast seems enviable. Here is a people living in the imagination, a condition good for the health and favorable to happiness. One envies them even their delusions.

New England was never like that. Our *Enquirer* friend must have forgotten. It had a harsh climate, and a stubborn soil, and no East to fall back on. Its people had to struggle for their lives. They were religious, and in that particular they lived in their imagination, but if they stopped to play with delusions they were apt to starve or



Josephine Daniels: NOW, BOYS, NOTHING BUT WATER AFTER THIS. I SAY IT, AND I KNOW

freeze. The Coast must be full of New Englanders, and they must be very happy there where the ground gives up easily and the frost does not bite, and a good man can entertain a few delusions without much risk.

South Seas from the Oldest Continent? "We believe," you say "that the hope of national progress lies in western mentality and force." Yes, yes; but *your* mentality, *your* force, is it western, or has it come to you out of the Everlasting East?

E. S. Martin.

"WE believe in ourselves and our country," says the *Enquirer*. Good, sir. Which country is it that you believe in, the United States or The Coast?

How do you define, how delimit, your country? That is quite important. You speak of New England "before her fall", and you generously allot her New York. How much more? Does your fallen New England region extend now to the Mississippi River? To the Rocky Mountains? When you believe in your country do you believe in fallen New England and fallen New York as a part of it, or do you exclude them?

And why are you as you are? Why does the Coast stir and affect people as it does? What makes you different with this curious difference? Is it soil? Is it climate? Is it youth? Or is it something that comes to you in the air that blows across the

The Child

HEART of the world, I hold thee—
see
Here on the beating heart of me,
That aches—that aches with the love
of thee!

Blossom of life from a fairyland,
How can I make thee understand
My spirit lies in thy tiny hand?

All of thee—mine—to save and keep,
Mine in thy waking, mine in sleep,
Mine is the grief and the joy to reap.

Won from the chance that set thee
free,
Won from the pain that silenced me,
Woe for the dreams and the years to
be!

Words how vain that would fain re-
peat
Aught of the joys that haste and beat
At the touch of thee, my flow'r!—my
sweet!

Nearer and nearer to repose,
Petal on petal, little rose,
Ask God if I love thee—ah, He knows!

Heart of the world, I hold thee—see
Here on the beating heart of me,
That aches—that aches with the love
of thee!

Leolyn Louise Everett.



SWEETHEARTS

• LIFE •

Class in Modern Art

SCENE—A studio. Class in modern art assembled.

INSTRUCTOR: Now, ladies and gentlemen, attention! Remember that if you are to make successful pictures for the magazines and periodicals, you must do exactly as I say. Have any of you ever had any instructions in drawing?

CLASS (in chorus): None!

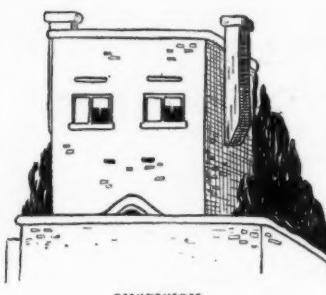
INSTRUCTOR: Then there is some hope for you. (To first pupil.) You may make a picture, but first let me show you how. (He seizes a paint-brush, jams it into a pot of black paint and throws it impulsively at a huge canvas on an easel in the center of the room, hitting it fairly in the middle.) There! How's that?

CLASS (delighted): Ah!

INSTRUCTOR (looking at his effort admiringly): Not bad, eh? Now for a word to go under it. Something symbolic. (Thinks desperately.) I have it. The word "Bosh!" (Some one steps forward and rudely prints the word "Bosh" under the spot where the paint-brush struck, and the class settles down with expressions of mingled despair and hopelessness to watch the attempt of the first pupil, who is now rolling up his sleeves and making ready.)

FIRST PUPIL (grabbing the paint-brush): How would it do, sir, for me to stand on my head?

INSTRUCTOR (approvingly): Fine! I am glad you mentioned that. It shows promise on your part and gives me the opportunity to explain to the class just what our new movement in art means. The creative impulse to turn out a masterpiece has hitherto depended upon a certain amount of ridiculous preliminary training. This, however, is no longer necessary. All that one has to do now is to let one's impulse catch and focus one's frenzy with absolute freedom from any of the absurd conventionalities, such as draftsmanship, technique, etc. This can only be done when the artist abandons himself to this creative impulse. When I picked up that brush and slammed it at that canvas just now, I experienced a sublime moment of real passion. The



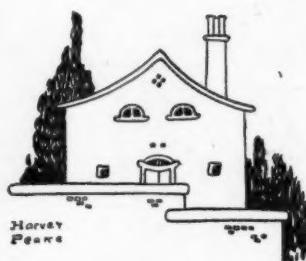
SUSPICION



HAPPINESS



DESPAIR

INNOCENCE
STUDIES IN ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION

title, "Bosh", fits perfectly, because it reveals to the discerning eye and receptive emotions, the utter nothingness of the phenomena of existence. By all means stand on your head.

(The first pupil turns a double somersault, lands on his head, with his feet against the wall, grabs a paint-brush, succeeds, with some contortions, in dipping it into a convenient paint-pot of marking ink, and fires it at the opposite wall.)

INSTRUCTOR: Wonderful! You have genius. No ordinary person could produce trickles like that.

FIRST PUPIL (greatly encouraged): Let's call it "The Storm".

INSTRUCTOR: That will do. It is almost too descriptive, but as a first effort, it is by no means bad.

SECOND PUPIL: Excuse me, sir, but what do these two pictures mean?

INSTRUCTOR (sternly): Young man, I can't take your money. You are too crude. You are wasting your time here. Better withdraw.

(Enter the magazine editors.)

INSTRUCTOR: Ah, gentlemen, just in time to see our morning's work.

FIRST MAGAZINE EDITOR (gazing raptly at "Bosh"): Wonderful! A masterpiece! How beautiful it catches the spirit of the age. It smacks, too, so strongly of the sex instinct! I'll take it—just in time for the next month's issue.

SECOND MAGAZINE EDITOR: That one on the wall is, I imagine, the work of a new man.

INSTRUCTOR: His first.

SECOND MAGAZINE EDITOR: Good! I'll take it. I'll take the first picture done by anyone. It enables me to advertise a new creative genius whose masterpieces are a distinct advance on everybody else. But—why did he do it on the wall?

INSTRUCTOR: Sir! I fear you do not comprehend the spirit of our modern art. He did it on the wall because he happened to be looking at the wall at the time his frenzy seized him.

SECOND MAGAZINE EDITOR (blushing with shame): Oh, very well. We'll take the wall away and have it reproduced for our next number.

T. L. M.



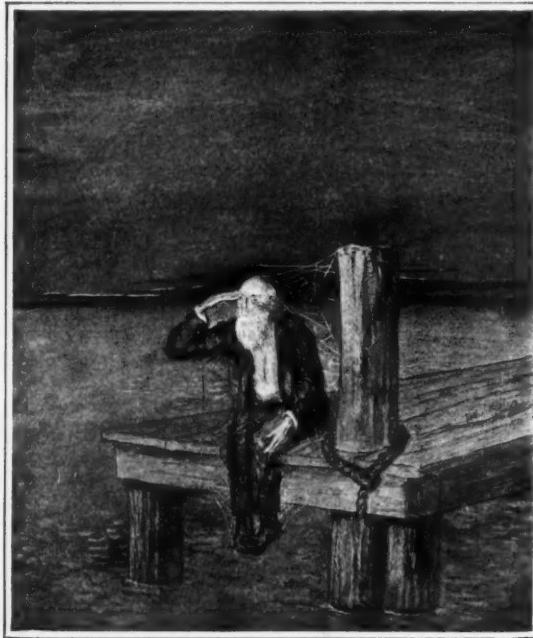
"THAT'S A FINE DOG YOU HAVE THERE. WHAT BREED IS IT?"
"SH! NOT SO LOUD! HE THINKS HE'S A BULLDOG."



HIS DREAM—FACT AND FANCY

Villa

VILLA'S stock is rising. It seems that he did not shoot Benton, and that Fierro, who did shoot him, is under arrest. That may help Villa's standing somewhat, but he has a long way to go in acquisition of urbanity and decorum before he will be an acceptable associate for nice people. However, the French revolution abundantly demonstrated that when order has become a disease, they call in some terrible doctors.



THE MAN WHO WAITED FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN

Modern Miracles

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on the wall and observed:

"There was a time when, if I took a header off this elevated structure, not all of the Boss Murphy's henchmen could put me together again; but now all is changed."

Thereupon, suiting the action to the word, he proceeded to have a great fall, which, being immediately reported in the papers, eighteen sex-hygiene lecturers started out on their rounds.

A new course of study was added to the school system.

The idea was dramatized and in almost no time at all Humpty Dumpty was put together again.

Talk

Detective Burns has done some good work, and talks more than all the other great detectives who ever lived.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE habit of talking too much is not supposed to add anything to the merits of a detective, or at least not anywhere but in America. Here, where so much depends upon one's advertising one's self, it is nine-tenths of the battle. What would have happened to Mr. Burns if he had been silent? And not to have anything happen to you is the worst fate reserved for all good Americans. Mr. Burns was exploited by others in the beginning. The magazine writers fastened themselves upon him, and built up his identity. He caught the trick of blowing his own horn—not a difficult thing to do, if you get launched right.



"I CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT ALONE"



THE AbdICATION OF NAPOLEON I

Important Centenaries

THIS hitherto unpublished picture shows an important incident in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and depicts him writing his resignation as Emperor of France. The notable occurrence took place one hundred years and a couple of weeks ago, April 11th, 1814, and, as Napoleon was then an important figure in the news, the event at the time caused considerable comment. The note, which is given below, was terse and pointed, but it can be gathered by a casual examination of the expression of crumbling patience on the countenance of the district messenger boy who is awaiting its com-

pletion that it was not penned in heedless precipitation.

"REPRESENTATIVES, ALLIED POWERS,
" 17 Rue de Rivoli Street,
" Tuilleries Building, Room 314.
" Gentlemen (and you, too, Wellington):

"In reply to your request that I, for the sake of peace in Europe, place the affairs of France in the hands of receivers and appear in supplementary proceedings to show cause why I should remain at large, I hasten to state that the duties of my exalted office have become particularly irksome, and, as there seems to be a 'smart

Aleck' amongst you who thinks he can handle the situation better than can I, he is welcome to the job and all perquisites attached to it.

"By your messenger I am sending the crown and other insignia of the office I so willingly resign, and may they worry the flesh of the next ass who imagines them to be either warm or becoming. I also forward the keys to the treasury—which, I am sorry to state, is not bursting with revenues—and my sword, which will, perhaps, make a pretty decoration over the what-not in somebody's artistic parlor when this peace business has been perma-



THE PARSON'S DILEMMA

"O LORD, LET NOT PAPA'S WRATH DESCEND UPON ME"

nently established. With your kind permission, I shall retain as souvenirs certain trinkets collected by me at random; but the pink silk suspenders, crocheted for me by the Queen of Prussia, the 'Victory' hat-band, sent to me by Lord Nelson, the zinc loving-cup, presented to me by the citizens of Moscow, and the toothbrush I preserved from my trip to Russia, are at your polite disposal.

"In vacating my present lodgings I wish to call attention to the fact that the roof on the extension over the maid's room leaked when I took possession; that I made repairs at my own

expense, and paid for the new sink in the pantry out of my own pocket.

"Assuring you that I now seek nothing more than a low seat and a medium salary, I am,

Gratefully yours,
N. BONAPARTE."

Yes, just a little over one hundred years ago Napoleon Bonaparte checked his baggage with a transfer company, handed the keys of Fontainebleau to the janitor, and gave the Maltese cat to a neighbor.

But he came back later.

Harry Grant Dart.

Because They Are Helpless

DR. EMMET HOLT is quite indignant because he has been accused of inoculating babies with something reprehensible. Dr. Holt admits that he does inoculate such babies constantly with tuberculin, but that it is harmless as soda water. Tuberculin is an extract of tubercle bacilli. These bacilli are first boiled and then the tuberculin from their dead bodies is injected into the circulation of the infants. This process, which Dr. Holt passionately insists is perfectly harmless, enables him to tell whether they have tuberculosis or not.

Lots of babies have tuberculosis who don't appear to have it.

Does Dr. Holt contend that pumping tuberculin into babies and finding out in advance that they have incipient tuberculosis enables him to cure them any sooner? He appears to convey this impression.

The truth about tuberculosis is that the only way to cure it is to teach people how to take care of themselves. That is the cure for not getting it, and for having it. Thousands of years ago it was discovered that "consumption", as it was formerly called, could only be cured by living a natural life in pure air with the right food. No succeeding generations of doctors have ever been able to add anything to that prophylactic.

Dr Holt knows, as well as he knows anything, that tuberculosis is a disease of malnutrition. He also knows that if the medical profession should abandon their serums, their charlatanic tricks, all their obvious and criminal hypocrisies, and spend their time in teaching people to take care of themselves, they would all soon be out of a job. That is the secret of the intense resentment displayed by any doctor when his statements are disputed.

A simple test of Dr. Holt's tuberculin doctrine, one that anybody can understand, is all that is necessary to reveal its inconsistency. Let it be ordained that the medical profession has the power to take any man off the street and compel him to be inoculated with tuberculin. All that would be



WHEN THE WORM TURNS

necessary to say to him would be, "Oh, yes, you look healthy, but after we have inoculated you, it may be discovered that you have tuberculosis!"

Would the average man submit to this sort of thing? Would there be riots?

Yet defenseless babies, according to Dr. Holt's own testimony, are given this test every day all the year around, because they cannot help themselves, and their parents or guardians are in ignorance of the underlying motives of the men behind the syringe.

How to Lose Your Memory

Wonderful Offer Open To All.

WILL anybody dare to dispute the cardinal fact that most of our troubles come from not being able to forget?

This being so, it is important that you should consult us at once.

Many Americans remember things for several days. This is a habit likely to become fastened upon one unless it is taken in time. We make it possible by complete loss of memory to

save you everything disagreeable. Are you married? By our system you can forget your wife. Are you an honest man? Then why dwell on it? We can make you unable to recall the fact. A thousand mistakes of the past, with the consciousness of having made them, completely obliterated at a minimum price.

Advice to a Rich Girl

DON'T marry any man to whom you would not trust your whole fortune—then don't trust him with it.

What Our Contemporaries are Saying

(From the *Morning Babbler*.)

THE crisis in Mexico is more deep-seated than even the editorial writers have any idea of. The weak spot in Mr. Wilson's foreign policy is that he doesn't familiarize himself with the news before it is manufactured by the foreign correspondents. We dislike very much to think of being embroiled in a war, but if worst comes to worst, the interests of the proprietor of this newspaper must be protected, even if the country has to sacrifice thousands of lives and billions of money.

(From the *Morning Pecksniff*.)

The withdrawal of Mr. John Bassett Moore from the State Department confirms suspicions that we have long held; namely, that we hate Mr. Bryan. The editor of this paper, having once traveled as far west as Binghamton, knows it is absurd to expect anybody coming from Nebraska to know anything about the gentle art of diplomacy. What this country needs is more Moore and less Bryan.

(From the *Weekly Weeper*.)

The report that some of our weakest men are going to renounce their citizenship and live abroad to escape the income tax ought to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all of us who are really and truly patriotic. It is certainly a fitting rebuke to a country which is so ridiculous as to attempt to levy taxes on those who are most able to pay and who are getting the most benefit from them.

(From the *Daily Bubble*.)

Inasmuch as Mr. Henry Ford is a good advertiser, we would not for a moment question his motives in increasing the wages of his workmen so exorbitantly, but we may venture the opinion that this is the worst thing he can do for his employees. The writer hereof is himself an employee and knows that any increase in his weekly stipend would have a most disastrous effect upon him.

(From the *Morning Palaver*.)

Some of our good conservative friends have misunderstood a recent editorial in these columns. It isn't that we have any personal animus against the poor. Far from it. We do not at all object to their starving to death so long as they do it in a legal, upright, dignified and unobtrusive manner. There is a right way and a wrong way for everything, even for starving or being unemployed.

Advancing Women

THERE can be no doubt that women are making great strides these days; mental, not physical, strides. Indeed, as the mental strides grow longer, the physical strides grow shorter. The larger the hat the smaller the skirt. The only danger is that if woman's brain and intelligence increase much more, she will not be able to walk at all.

A Maine Plunger

THE fact has been widely advertised in the papers that in the early spring, when the buds are just beginning to burst and the moving-vans are coming out of cold storage, a young woman of Maine will take her departure for the primeval forest.

What seems to interest everybody is that she will not go along with the usual array of Saratoga trunks and hand baggage, including a Persian cat, a Nebuchadnezzar dog, a photographic moving picture outfit and a bottle of cold cream; but, on the contrary, she will go without anything at all. Every stitch of clothing will be left behind by this ambitious young woman, including hairpins, face-powder, red paint and other modern necessities. Arrayed only in a warm pink glow, she will sally forth among the trailing arbutus and the pussy willows, if there be such, and the other flora and fauna waiting to receive her. After idling the time briskly away for a couple of months, dodging bears and other animals who may have secured season tickets, she will come back improved in health and with a coat of tan that would bring the blush of shame to a Brazilian salamander. While we are not desirous of discouraging anybody who wishes, even at this late date, to introduce a new health fad, we are bound to say that we do not believe this experiment will be a success. This is not necessarily because of the remoteness, but because it was tried once before, with all the scenery and state business. Eve started off just that way, and what was the unhappy result? It is too painful to dwell on. To repeat it at this time, however, seems rather hopeless.

At the End of Forty-eight Hours

"PAPA certainly didn't manage this European trip very well. He said we'd be in Rome two days, but he made a mistake and it's three—and now we've seen everything and there's absolutely nothing to do for a whole day."



Vandalism: ME AND ME FRIEND WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE DANDY LITTLE FROLIC, MILLY. GEE, BUT YOU'RE A PEACH! NOT MANY GIRLS COULD HAVE FIRED THOSE CHURCHES AS YOU DID.

Militant (coyly): FLATTERERS!



2414 A.D.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON VISIT TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



APRIL 30, 1914

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 63
No. 1644

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.



We don't owe Colombia any apology.

The new treaty, cabled from Bogota to Paris, printed there in French, translated back into English and published in our papers (as LIFE goes to press), allows that our government in its name and our name "expresses sincere regret for all things that may have interrupted or altered the relations of cordial friendship existing long between the two nations".

Of course we are sorry to have got into such a mess with Colombia about Panama. We feel about it very much as Colonel Roosevelt does. He says in his autobiography: "I deeply regretted, and now deeply regret, the fact that the Colombian Government rendered it imperative for me to take the action I took." So we regret it, too, a-plenty, but, of course, we would not, as part of a bargain by treaty, and "desiring to put an end to all disputes", express "sincere regret" for things that were almost altogether the fault of the other party. That would give the impression that we were making formal record of regret for some misconduct of our own, whereas the boot was on the other foot.

Feeling regret is one thing. Putting "sincere regret" into a treaty as part of a bargain is something entirely different. So we guess the wording that came from Paris will prove not to be the wording of the treaty as written in

English. But if it is, the treaty won't do. It is not properly worded, and will have to go back to the shop.

The Senate, to snub Martin Van Buren, refused to confirm his appointment as minister to England and brought him home to be President of the United States.

Even though our present Senate were disregardful of the dignity of our country, it would not be the least disposed to do any such service as that for Theodore Roosevelt. If there are to be regrets in the treaty, put them in Colonel Roosevelt's own words: "We deeply regret that the Colombian Government rendered it imperative for President Roosevelt to take the action he took." They are not extra good words, but they will do. They don't back water.



IT is getting to be a habit with LIFE to go to press on the brink of hostilities with Mexico. Heretofore they have missed fire. Maybe they won't this time. Huerta is getting near the end of his rope, and there is a good deal of method in his indiscretions. If he can contrive it so as to succumb to Uncle Sam he will save his neck, and as his neck contains his swallowing facilities, he may value it. We should all much prefer to have him make his settlement with Carranza and Villa, but we can't always choose. None of us want to kill any Mexicans. It is a dirty job, and one that, so far as it

must be done, they owe to one another. Huerta's game is simple. He hopes if he can draw us in, to enlist all the Constitutionalists to repel invaders. Surely it ought to be possible to beat that game of his, but to do so may require some sense and discretion on the part of the Constitutionalists, and how much they have got is hard to say. For our part, we believe they have got enough.



ON our side heads are cool enough. There is no excitement worth mentioning. It has been impossible to stir up such sentiment as was excited about Cuba in the months before the Spanish war. Business interests want this or that—protection, a protectorate that will make business enterprises safe, or annexation; persons with imagination can easily see Manifest Destiny whirling off in the Great Blue down in the direction of Cape Horn; but our present government wants nothing but to safeguard and promote the final interests of civilization, including the interests of the Mexicans themselves and of all the Latin-American countries.

In particular it has no mind at all to safeguard immediate business interests of any one at the cost of postponing the development of the mass of the Mexican people. Possibly that purpose might have been helped by recognizing Huerta, and so enabling him to borrow money, but who sees any qualities in Huerta that could under any circumstances have accomplished anything permanent? President Wilson had the chance to recognize him, and refused. Everyone to whom business interests are paramount, or who considers that business development is always the surest short cut to civilization, has said he was wrong. For our part, we have not thought so. Perhaps the time has come when we shall begin to find out who was right.

The headlines read "War Seems Certain", but it takes at least two to make a war. Something definable as



PINE RIDGE NEWS ITEM

DEACON TOOTHAKER PASSED THROUGH THE VILLAGE IN HIS NEW TRAP SUNDAY AFTERNOON. LONG LIVE THE DEACON!

war may come, likely enough, as the issue of present circumstances, but there is no present sign that it will really be "war with Mexico", or pass beyond the dimensions of a little difficulty between the United States and General Huerta involving possibly a temporary occupation of ports and a blockade. It is Huerta's finish that seems to be in sight; not war. No one can say beforehand just where a rolling ball will stop, but no disposition for war is visible in our present administration, nor does the temper of our people invite anything like a conquest of Mexico. We want the Mexicans to work out their own problem. We will help them if we can, but certainly we do not want to hinder them even by too much help.



EVERYBODY is very sorry for Corporation Counsel Polk that he has a bullet hole through his chin. Everybody seemed to like Mr. Polk before he was shot, and has thought of him since then with a regard quickened by solicitude.

Heaven knows why a crazy old man should have wished to shoot at Mayor Mitchel, but it is a very ugly trick to shoot at Mayors, and all the general influences that seem to have a bear-

ing on it are being attentively scrutinized.

It is a pretty general sentiment that the worst influences on unbalanced minds to which our community is subject are the publications of Mr. William Hearst. They have been of late in the canal tolls matter as inflammatory and as outrageous as mischief could make them, contributing to disorder in feeble faculties, though not especially directed against the Mayor.

The I. W. W. is more directly concerned as the inspiration of the shot that hurt Mr. Polk. People of average sense read a lot of violent and foolish talk, and think of it as only foolish talk. But presently some one is shot by a crazy or half-crazy man and then the talk gets to seem more serious. Brother Eastman, of *The Masses*, might profitably take notice of this phenomenon.

Haywood's declaration in a Carnegie Hall meeting that a general strike of mine workers would follow a declaration of war with Mexico is highly entertaining. If that should happen it would help considerably to disclose where we are at in current domestic activities, and whether Congress and the President or the I. W. W. are running the country. If Bill Haywood, Max Eastman, Frank Tannenbaum, Alexander Berkman and Wild Joe O'Carroll are the real power in our affairs, it is time we knew it.

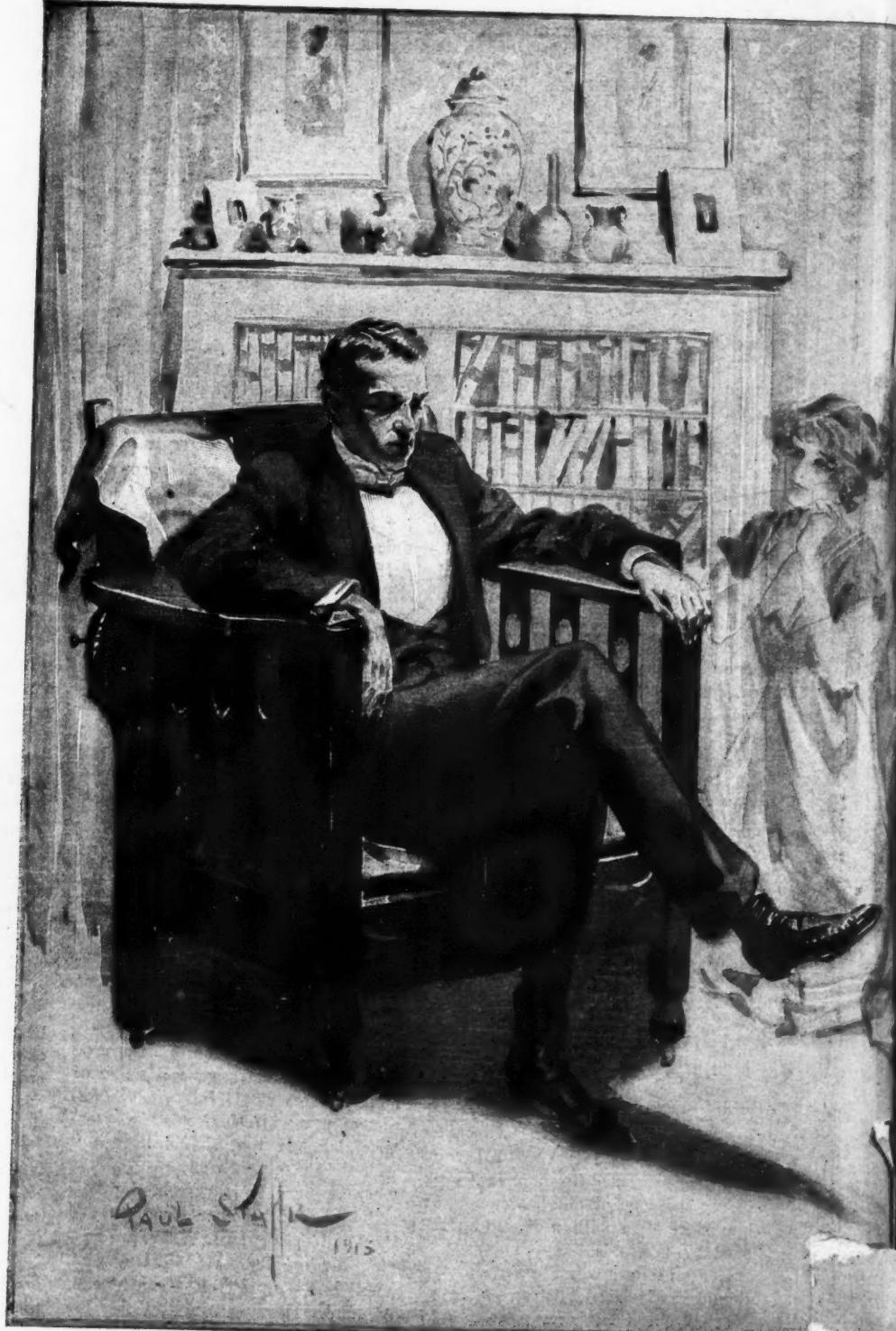


IT is a pity that the consequences of General Huerta's calculating obstinacy should snatch away all the headline space from the canal tolls discussion. But though the canal tolls matter may doze, it will not be put to sleep. Only one question about it is important: Is there due ground for the opinion that the provision for free tolls for our coastwise ships is a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty?

There are, of course, grounds for that opinion. It is held by Mr. Choate, Mr. Root and many other Americans whose views on the subject carry as much weight as any views can carry.

To be sure the view opposed has respectable and substantial backing; but the case being what it is, we have only the choice whether to repeal the provision or arbitrate the question. We have no right in such a matter to be judges in our own case. Talk about full control of the canal, sovereignty in the Panama zone, and the effect of tolls on railroad competition, is all beside the mark. The thing that is important is whether our word, when it is given in a treaty, is to be considered good, or not. If not, a great deal of time and thought is being wasted in drafting treaties and having them adopted.

LIFE



PAUL STAHR
1915

The Egotist Dream

L F E



e Egotist Dream



Political Possibilities of the Stage



FORTUNATELY all would-be dramatists are not rich. If every author who wrote a play had the means to hire a company of players to play it and rent a theatre in which to produce it, the public, or so much of the public as could be induced to attend, would suffer a lot of things. Even with the stage defended by a crude desire of producing managers not to lose money we get quite a sufficiency of plays that never ought to have the curtain rise on them. Managerial greed stands between the public and some awful possibilities.



THE GOVERNOR'S BOSS" is not important in itself and is not likely to survive long enough to afflict many audiences. It stands, with a number of other pieces that New York has seen produced in similar circumstances, as a sort of argument on the side of the managerial judgment which is guided entirely by commercial possibilities. Even that judgment often goes wrong, but in not so many cases as that of the fond author who, failing to gain recognition from the theatrical powers that be, to the extent of their risking their own money, goes down into his own pocket or into the pockets of his friends to secure a presentation of his brain-child to the public.

The Hon. James S. Barcus, once an Indiana State Senator and more recently the successful publisher by some kind of an arrangement with the United States Government of certain documents and utterances treating on and appertaining to various Presidents of the United States, is the author of "The Governor's Boss".



THE play is self-evidently founded on the career and misfortunes of the Hon. William Sulzer, for a short time Governor of the State of New York and at present a member of its Assembly. Very few persons of intelligence have ever regarded Mr. Sulzer as a hero in real life, and Mr. Barcus stands alone in discovering that Mr. Sulzer could be made the hero of a drama. But this was not Mr. Barcus's only accomplishment. He had to have a villain, and naturally in a political drama the villain had to be a "boss". Far be it from us to identify this particular boss, but there are indications that Mr. Barcus meant in the drawing of this character to expose the practices and blight the promising career of Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany Hall. By a happy coincidence—considering that four gunmen were executed the same day the play was produced—three gunmen are introduced as henchmen of the boss. In attire and make-up these gunmen look as though they might have been dug up from the Chamber

of Horrors at the Eden Musée, but there's no denying that they added to the merriment of the performance. Almost as mirth-provoking was the suffering heroine, described on the programme as an "ex-telephone girl". Considering this young person's explosive delivery, the stage's gain can not be regarded as the telephone company's loss.

It would not be well for Secretary Bryan, or any other politician who wants to hold his job, to let Mr. Barcus make him the hero of a drama—even at Mr. Barcus's own expense. Mr. Barcus is not a success as a dramatist, and certainly not as a halo-fitter.



"THE RED CANARY" sheds no new and amazing lustre on the girl-and-music show industry. It is much the same old thing done in much the same old way. It gives us a new and rather refreshing type of juvenile comedian in the person of Mr. T. Roy Barnes, and in other respects is up to the average requirements of the average tired business man.

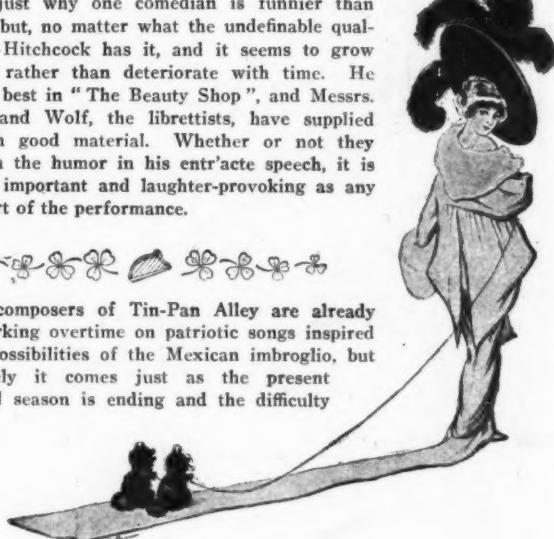


"THE BEAUTY SHOP" is distinguished largely from other girl-and-music shows by having as its comedian Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. Every girl-and-music show has to have a comedian, although if there are enough girls and enough music of sufficient rag-time quality, the comedian may be slurred a bit. In the present case the comedian rather overshadows the other concomitants, for Mr. Hitchcock has an equipment of his own. He uses

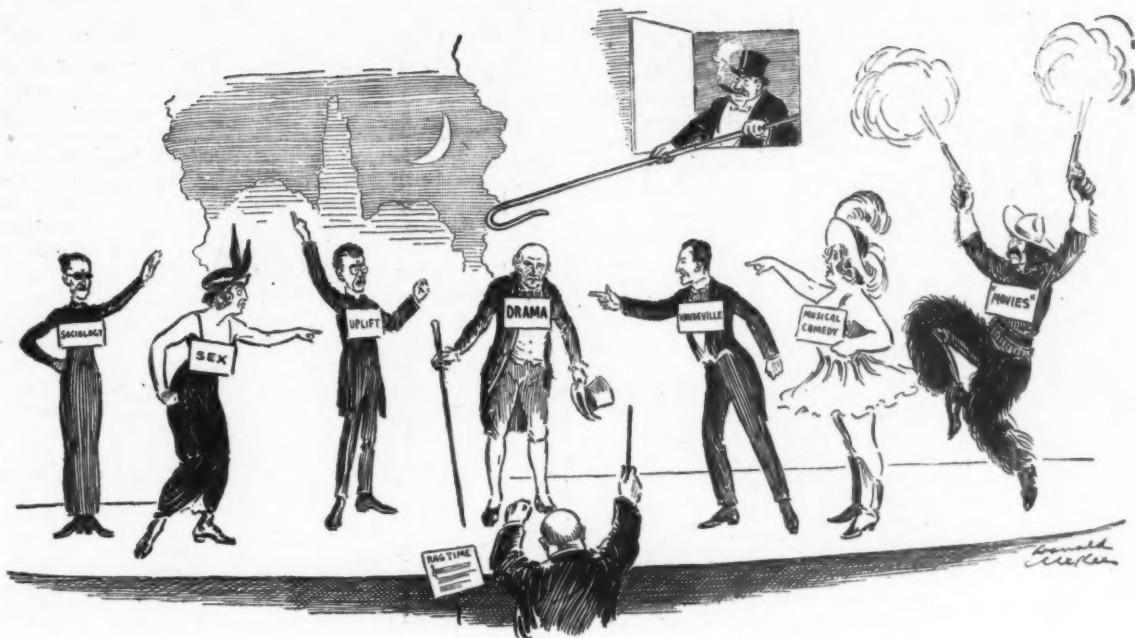
no dialect, unless that term applies to the nasal tones of his voice due to spending some years of his youth in the catarrhal belt of central New York. No one can explain just why one comedian is funnier than another, but, no matter what the undefinable quality, Mr. Hitchcock has it, and it seems to grow stronger rather than deteriorate with time. He is at his best in "The Beauty Shop", and Messrs. Pollock and Wolf, the librettists, have supplied him with good material. Whether or not they gave him the humor in his entr'acte speech, it is quite as important and laughter-provoking as any other part of the performance.



THE composers of Tin-Pan Alley are already working overtime on patriotic songs inspired by the possibilities of the Mexican imbroglio, but fortunately it comes just as the present theatrical season is ending and the difficulty



THE PEKINESE LIMITED



"SUPERFLUOUS LAGS THE VETERAN ON THE STAGE"

may all be settled before the dramatic and musical stage has opportunity to be flooded by timely dramas and girl-and-music shows based on the American invasion. The theatrical possibilities recall what General Sherman said.

Metcalf.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"The Beauty Shop," with Raymond Hitchcock. See above.

Booth.—"Panthea," by Monckton Hoffe. Melodrama of the emotions after the manner of Sardou in his "Tosca" moments. More lurid than moving, and just a bit too highly flavored for the young person.

Casino.—"High Jinks." Girl-and-music show with considerable humor and more get-up-and-get than usual.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Laughable farcical comedy bringing out the humorous aspects of Jewish commercial life in New York.

Comedy.—"Kitty MacKay." Scotch village life and its relations to the rest of the world delightfully depicted and made the subject of a well-acted and highly humorous comedy.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Laurette Taylor's charmingly ingenuous depiction of the Irish-American girl who finds herself landed in English society with her own way to fight.

Eltinge.—"The Yellow Ticket." Interesting melodrama well acted and based on one of the ways that the Russians handle the Jews in Russia.

Empire.—Last week of Maude Adams and Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora". Curious combination of burlesque and comedy not quite up to the standard of "Peter Pan", which the star presents at matinées.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Midnight Girl." Girl-and-music show of more cleverness than usual, tuneful and elaborately staged.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." A drama supposed to represent New York life as it is, but remarkable only from the fact that one of its acts is of decidedly gamey flavor.

Fulton.—Last week of "The Misleading Lady". Farcical comedy with its fun based on the application of rough-house methods to a young woman who thought she could flirt and not be called to account.

Gaiety.—"Seven Keys to Baldpate." Mr. George M. Cohan's

dramatization of the mystery novel of the same title. Funny in many ways and winding up with a joke on the audience.

Garrison.—"The Governor's Boss," by James Barcus. See above.

Hippodrome.—"Pinafore" on a big scale. The big tank utilized to float one of the biggest Pinafores yet seen. Impressive as spectacle, but not particularly well rendered as opera.

Hudson.—"The Dummy," by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Very clever and well-acted detective comedy with kidnapping as its motive. Quite worth seeing for the amusement it affords.

Knickerbocker.—Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl". Fairly diverting farcical comedy showing the star in his remarkable ability to make himself up as a very pretty girl.

Liberty.—Miss Margaret Anglin in "Lady Windermere's Fan". A very well constructed play of London life done in a finished and artistic manner.

Longacre.—"A Pair of Sixes," by Mr. Edward Peple. The funniest farce of the season, extremely well acted and laughable from beginning to end.

Lyceum.—Last week of Miss Billy Burke in "Jerry". Not impressive but amusing light comedy giving the star every opportunity to display her amusing and pretty personality.

Little.—Grace George in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Truth". What is conceded to be the author's best play very well staged and very well acted.

Lyric.—"The Red Canary." See above.

Madison Square Garden.—The 101 Ranch Show. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Omar the Tentmaker," with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Popular prices. Oriental spectacular and poetical drama dealing with the Persian poet and his famous and oft-quoted Rubaiyat.

Marine Elliott's.—"Help Wanted." Comedy treatment of the popular theme of the dangers that beset young women. Not exactly a white-slave drama, but pretty close to it.

Playhouse.—"The Things That Count." New York life of the simple sort humorously and sentimentally depicted. Well staged and interesting in an elementary way.

Princess.—"Marrying Money." A not remarkably expert dramatic setting forth of some of the evils connected with the practice set forth in the title.

Shubert.—Revised version of "The Girl from Kay's". Elaborate revival under the title of "The Belle of Bond Street". An argument in favor of the things of the past as against those of the present.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Too Many Cooks," with Mr. Frank Craven as author and leading actor. One aspect of suburban life depicted in an original and thoroughly amusing manner.

Winter Garden.—"The Whirl of the World." All the usual features of the girl-and-music show largely multiplied and then some. Admirably calculated to refresh the tired business man.

The Latest Books

HERE is a book called—but wait a minute.

What do you know about the Devil's Garden? Would you like, just for once—say, if no one was around—to stand on an upturned soap-box and peep over its wall? Or perhaps to borrow the key for an hour or two and take a leisurely look around in it—quite incognito, of course? Suppose you found yourself in a strange country where nobody knew you and you saw—stretched along side by side in inviting array—the *Jardin des Plantes*, the Zoological Gardens of London, the Bronx Zoo, the Botanical Gardens of Buitenzorg and Kandy, and—the Devil's Garden. Which one—honest Injun—which one would you go into? Of course, you understand, these are rhetorical questions and do not require a written answer. And they are only asked because, if this column were a psychological laboratory instead of a conscientiously conducted bureau of information, it would be an interesting experiment to print the following announcement quite alone on an otherwise featureless page and keep tabs on the result:

HERE IS A BOOK CALLED
“THE DEVIL'S GARDEN.”

However, the experiment may not be tried; because, in the first place, it would result in disappointing a great many acknowledgedly good people and in scaring away a good many allegedly bad ones, and would be unfair to Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the author of an excellent novel, “The Devil's Garden” (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.35) is the story of an English rustic who, through his own dogged ambition and the influence of his young wife's family with one of the county bigwigs, has risen to be a village postmaster, and subsequently rises to a still more solid and respected position in the rural *milieu* of the tale. But it is more especially the story of this man's compromises with his own conscience, with the bias that fear and remorse give to his spiritual development, with the innocent mirror in which he finally sees himself as he is, and the catastrophe to which—with the unescapable and satisfying logic of the author's thorough understanding of the type of mind he is dealing with—the catastrophe to which the discovery drives him. It is an intensely interesting story; an ably constructed and well-written novel, and, from first to last, a live

thing—the history of human growths, a biography that is biographic.

Mr. Maxwell has, in the past few years, pretty firmly established himself in the front rank of England's present novelists of the second class, and may well, before he is through, win his step up. His earlier work was marked and somewhat marred by a suggestion of the mathematician—he has before now been dubbed the Q. E. D. man in this column because of his habit of stating a proposition in psychological geometry and then proceeding to work it out on his fictional blackboard. But this last novel, which promises to make him as popular in this country as he already is at home, while not without its characteristic touch of didactic purpose, is in itself almost free from the taint of this disillusionizing formalism. If you do not mind a somewhat sombre tale dealing with the eternal compatibility in man's make-up between an abhorrence of sin and a proneness to fall into it, you cannot do better than to read it.

HERE, however, is a book that may suit many of us better. For one thing, it is anything but sombre. And, for another, while it also deals with the weeds in the Devil's Garden, it deals with them after the manner of the beatific butterfly and not after that of the bothersome botanist. And you will possibly have noticed that many of us, while we feel it to be an insupportable thing—

nothing short of immoral, indeed—that any one should look us frankly in the face and speak to us with botanical seriousness of the weeds in the garden of life, are perfectly at our ease in the company of anyone who enters the garden with a polite substitute for a wink, and walks its paths with a smiling assumption of sophisticated cynicism. The anonymous story, “The Confessions of an Inconstant Man” (Appleton's, \$1), is at once light, clever and keen. It has the true butterfly flutter, and the butterfly's intimate knowledge of butterfly-botany. In short, it is amusing enough to dull the edge of truth and naughty enough to be nice.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

The Confessions of an Inconstant Man.
Anonymous. See above.

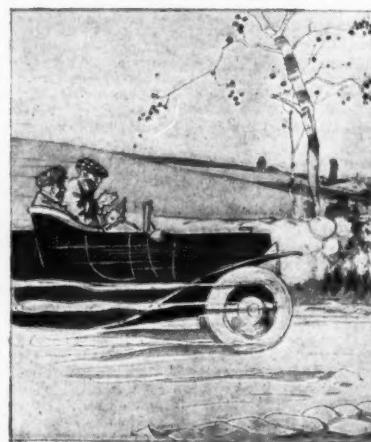
Crowds Junior, by Gerald Stanley Lee. “Crowds” is a two-week book. This gets a lot of the spirit of it into a half-hour edition.

The Full of the Moon, by Caroline Lockhart. A cowboy story by the author of “Me—Smith” which plays stick to that novel's rocket.

John Ward, M.D., by Charles Vale. A first novel, and a good one, in which cleverness, quality and a touch of twentieth-century priggishness are blended.

Here Are Ladies, by James Stephens. Sketches in verbal monochrome, monologues in whimsical vein and—“The Three-Penny Bit”, a flash of genius.

Irishmen All, by George A. Birmingham. Essays upon Irish types. Interest-



MOTOR HINTS

IF YOU HAVE DRIVEN A CAR FIVE YEARS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT, DON'T BRAG—
KNOCK WOOD!



A FOUL

YES, IT WAS CAUGHT, BUT NOT IN THE GRANDSTAND

ing studies of the raw material of the author's popular novels.

Japanese Flower Arrangement, by Mary Averill. A text-book of sophisticated simplicity which preaches what it preaches in make-up and illustrations.

Old Mole, by Gilbert Cannan. A philosophic genre-study for ruminative readers. A slowish tale, but tasty.

Our Mr. Wren, by Sinclair Lewis. The sentimental adventures of a New York Simple Simon. An uneven but amusing tale.

Sex-Origin Determination, by Thomas E. Reed, M.D. An interestingly developed theory commended to laymen who like to dabble in scientific speculation.

The Valley of the Moon, by Jack London. The realistic romance of a young California couple's escape from city hardships to country freedom.

The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman's Suffrage, by Sir Almoth E.

Wright. Carrying water in a logical sieve to put out a four-alarm fire.

What Men Live By, by Richard C. Cabot, M.D. A tonic volume by a mellow-minded and cultured conservative.

When Ghost Meets Ghost, by William De Morgan. A story of the 1850's which overflows its banks in a flood of collateral comment and converse.

Youth's Encounter, by Compton McKenzie. A tale for busy men to shun and leisured ones to find their dead selves in.

Temptation

A N Irishman walked into a hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender: "Is that a private fight or can anyone get into it?"

Efficiency?

BRIGGS: I have discovered the greatest scheme for keeping up to date at a minimum cost.

GRIGGS: How is it done?

BRIGGS: Most of the publishers offer to send any book on their list on trial. I get 'em, sit up reading 'em and return 'em within three days for the cost of the postage. In this way I read all the modern books.

GRIGGS: Ah! That accounts for it.

BRIGGS: For what?

"Well, I was wondering the other day what was the cause of your recent mental deterioration."

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable.

A Soldier Differs

EDITOR OF LIFE:

To have this letter put in print, in answer to "Soldier from Alaska", would be conferring a great favor and righting a great injustice for the enlisted men of the United States Army.

To start with, "Soldier of Alaska" is either a new recruit or is stating something he knows to be false. I can prove by showing certain army regulations, to the effect that no enlisted man can be made to work for an officer or family if he does not desire to do so.

If an enlisted man works for an officer (looking after a garden in summer and caring for a furnace in winter) he is paid by the officer for doing this work, and the enlisted man does this work during his spare hours, between drills, etc.

The officers have female servants for housework, so "Soldier of Alaska" had better "wake up" and look around.

The moving-picture concerns are misled in this same affair. They show pictures where enlisted men are doing all kinds of household duties, and getting children ready for bed! It is absurd and very much of a mistake for any person to have an idea such as the custom of the United States Army.

The writer of this article is a soldier, having served two enlistments, and in a position to know "Soldier of Alaska" has stated something he knows to be false.

Hoping to see this answer in LIFE at an early date, I remain,

Sincerely,

AN EX-MEMBER OF CO. I, 5TH INF.
ALBANY, N. Y.,
February 12, 1914.

Was it Unfair?

EDITOR OF LIFE,

Dear Sir:

In your number for January 15th there appears a cartoon which shows a mother and her children stoned by a band of women with "Equal Rights" and "Votes for Women" banners. Below this picture is a supposedly significant title, "The Scab". I believe that no sincere friends of LIFE, who realize the circle of its influence and the range of its possibilities for truth-telling, can feel justified in condoning such misrepresentation of fact. The suffrage movement—even in its militant aspects—is in no way antagonistic to, or incompatible with, the interests of motherhood, and the legislation sponsored by suffragists has avowedly sought to protect women as mothers and their children.

indelicate they have been barred from the mails by the United States Government.

And all this goes on, mind you, under the hypocritical plea that the public health is being preserved thereby!

If the citizen who is thus medically regulated survives the attempt to start him right before he is born, and all the intermediate stages of control, direction, oversight and inquisition which are now being planned by a medical paternalism, he may go into business, where immediately he is confronted by intimidating restrictions, prohibitions and health laws. During all the rest of his life he is beset by medical rules, embargoes, restrictions, limitations and mandates. Everything he eats, breathes, drinks, wears, rides in, walks on, lives in, will be subject to inspection of the Board of Health. He will be warned against bakeries, barber shops, laundries, the family cow, and the fly. If he rides in street cars, goes to church, sends his children to Sunday-school, goes to the theatre, eats in a restaurant or hotel, drinks at a soda-fountain, he will be terrorized by the fear of germs. Even the new servant girl will have to be fumigated, because you do not know what deadly diseases her previous employers may have secretly harbored.

And this is not a phantasy. It is the deliberate and serious-minded plan of the medical interests, set forth in their own writings, embodied in bills proposed and laws already enacted all over the country. The ambition of the Medical Trust stops at nothing, but aims at the absolute control of all industry. All this may seem extravagant and impossible, and so it is, but it does not seem either extravagant or impossible to the organization that has devised the scheme and is putting it into execution as fast as possible.

W. S. M.

BOSTON, MASS.,
March 28, 1914.



"BEAT IT! I'M LOOKING FOR JUSTICE HERE—NOT HEREAFTER"



CONFIDENCE!

The simple Ohio Electric magnetic control and magnetic brake make the most nervous person feel absolutely safe.

IT IS an everyday occurrence for women who have never operated an electric to step into an Ohio and drive right away with but a word of instruction.

The magnetic control and magnetic brake make this possible. Turn the control disc forward, and you go forward; backward, and you go back. The magnetic brake operates merely on pressure of a button. It is effective even on the most slippery

streets. Double contracting external foot-brakes for emergency use, are also a part of Ohio equipment. The double drive—now so widely imitated—is another feature originated by us.

We have been told that the present Ohio models are the most beautiful electric pleasure vehicles ever produced. But we should be pleased to have your judgment on this point, as well as on the mechanical superiority of the car. *Literature on request.*

The Ohio Electric Car Company, 1505 W. Bancroft St., Toledo, Ohio

Gibson Electrics, Ltd. Ontario Distributors

Toronto, Canada

**Ohio Electric Magnetic Control—
Simple as Turning a Door-knob**



OHIO
THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC



Her Bright Idea

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"I read in to-day's paper that the elk in the State of Washington multiply very rapidly."

"What of it?"

"I wish you would find out if they are any good on fractions, and if they are, get me one to help with my home problems."—*Houston Post*.

A TOURIST, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."

—Everybody's.



The Hippo: SAY, ISN'T THIS ROPE RATHER WEAK?

The Monkey: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT; WHEN THAT BREAKS WE'LL GET A NEW ONE!

The Wail of the Jingo

Call out a million volunteers!

Come on, let's intervene!

What care we for mothers' tears?

Let the ship of state career!

Why should we hesitate to fight?—

We have the men and cash,

And all of Europe says it's right

For us to cut the dash,

Let's have a regiment or two

Led out to die to-day,

For boys are cheap to die or do

For the flag—hip, hip, hooray!

So wave the Stars and Stripes on high,

Why, where's your love of flag?

The grandest nation 'neath the sun

Bids soldier men not lag.

* * * *

Of course I can not go to war,

The ties of business girt;

Some one like me must stay behind

To wave the bloody shirt.

—Detroit News.

The One Thing Worse

"What can be worse," he asked "than taking a kiss without asking for it?"

"I don't know," said the girl, "unless it is asking for a kiss without taking it."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Sanitary
Shirt Protector

A necessary hygienic garment to the modern smart-living dress; assuring a feeling of comfort in the sheerest gown. A dainty under-garment that insures the longer life of the outer skirt. Fastened so they cannot shift out of place.

Two Sizes—50c, 65c

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The Standard, Washable,
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The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mrs., 101 Franklin St., New York

NAIAD
Dress Shield
BRASSIERE

The Newest, Coolest,
Form-Moulding Garment

Pétrole Hahn

makes the hair more glorious

The testimony of those who have used Pétrole Hahn-Vibert conscientiously, confirms our confidence in its valued properties. One New York woman writes:

"This morning as I brushed my hair I gloried in the vast improvement which has been wrought since using Pétrole Hahn and I feel that it behooved me to let you know of the wonders it has worked with my hair. I am now perfectly satisfied with my hair. I really think it is beautiful!"

You will share her enthusiasm for Pétrole Hahn-Vibert if you use it as faithfully as she did.

Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00.
At leading dealers

PARK & TILFORD, Sole Agents
529-549 West 42nd Street
New York





PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER TO LOSE A CIGAR OR TWO TROUSER BUTTONS

Moving Out New England

LINCOLN STEFFENS says in the *Metropolitan Magazine* that New England is politically the worst spot in the country. Nowhere else is there so much bribery, so much vote-buying. He suggests that Alaska would be a good place for New England to begin life over again in.

There can be no doubt that the original settlers of New England started this country going. After they had put some of their character into the stern and rock-bound coast, they spread west, where they are still doing character-building. But the main point of it all is that people left long enough in one spot lose their moral snap and tend to degenerate.

The main trouble in New England therefore, is not due to foreigners who are remoralized and reconsecrated from going there, and who produce good material, like Mary Antin. The real trouble is from the New Englanders who are still permitted to remain and grow down with the country.

New England might be moved to Alaska, as the Jews got out of Egypt; but is there enough wilderness between to give them the proper moral start? Trekking through Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Arizona is not sufficient. There are too many New Englanders all the way along.

New England, along with all of the department stores, ought to be put out at sea on an island. Bargains both in votes and dry goods might then be kept under better control than at present.



Fuel and Repairs You can lower these expenses

IN three years' time supplies and repairs occasionally cost as much as the original price of a car.

Careless lubrication is responsible for most of this expense.

A canvass among New York repair shops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

There are two things that must always be considered in an oil. One is its quality. The other is its fitness for your motor.

Low-quality oil in time may bring practically every trouble a motor can face.

Oil of a body which is incorrect for your motor brings many penalties—heating and seizing of bearings, worn wrist pins, poor compression, breaking of parts, excess carbon deposit, smoking or overheating of engine and many other troubles.

Aside from repair troubles you must face a plain fact:

The more power you waste the more fuel you must consume.

You cannot get perfect lubrication unless the quality is right, and the body of your oil suits—

- (1) Your type of lubrication system.
- (2) Your piston clearance.
- (3) Your bearing design and adjustment.
- (4) Your bore and stroke.
- (5) Your engine speed.
- (6) The size and location of valves.
- (7) Your cooling system.

Gargoyle Mabiloils are sold by a Chart which specifies the correct grade for each car.

They are backed by almost 50 years' experience which has won for us the world-leadership in scientific lubrication.

If you do not at present use the grade of Gargoyle Mabiloils specified for your car, you may feel almost certain that your bills for fuel and repairs are higher than they should be.

Consult the partial Chart printed at the right. Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make certain that you get it. If your car is not mentioned send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mabiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are: Gargoyle Mabiloil "A", Gargoyle Mabiloil "B", Gargoyle Mabiloil "E", Gargoyle Mabiloil "Arctic".

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

MODEL OF CARS	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Ales.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Avery	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cess.	A	A	A	A	A
Cess. (Cars)	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	B	B	B	B	B
Chase	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A
Flanders	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
Ford	A	Arc	E	E	E
Franklin	B	A	B	A	A
G. M. C. Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
Havens 6-44	A	A	A	A	A
Havens 6-66	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile "so"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 39 "	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
I. H. C. (air water)	B	B	B	A	A
International	A	B	A	Arc	Arc
Interstate	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
King	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knot	B	A	B	B	B
Krit	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Loverell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	E
Mack, Jr.	A	E	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	A	A
Marmon	A	E	E	E	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Meritor	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mitchell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Moline	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Moline Knight	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Moor	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Park-Detroit	B	E	A	A	A
Patinette	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Perrim	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Corel."	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	B	A	Arc	Arc
Regal	A	B	A	Arc	Arc
Renss.	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Rao	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
S. G. V.	A	E	A	B	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Spicer	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" Blend"	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	B
Stearns	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Knight"	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Stevens-Duryea	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" Knight"	E	E	A	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Stutz	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Vaux 9-45	A	E	A	Arc	Arc
Vaux 9-55	A	B	A	Arc	Arc
Walter	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
White (Gas)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
White (Petrol)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc



Mobiloids

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.
Branches: NEW YORK, 29 Broadway CHICAGO, Fisher Bldg. DETROIT, Ford Bldg. BOSTON, 49 Federal St.



Unfortunate

The New Yorker was descending on the glories of Broadway.

"The streets are ablaze with light—a veritable riot," he said. "Why, there is one electric sign with one hundred thousand lights."

"Doesn't it make it rather conspicuous?" asked his English friend.

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Comfort Without Extravagance. Hotel Woodstock, New York

"YES," said the fat man with the gold watchchain spread across his ample waistcoat, "I have two and a half-dozen children."

The other men gasped. Then one of them said:

"Surely—two and a—"

"Quite so," said the fat man. "Two, and a half-dozen, which is six, makes eight. Two and a half-dozen." —*Tit-Bits*.

Your Dog's

skin is more sensitive than your own. It may become diseased if not properly treated, or the coat injured by the use of strong soaps. Drummond's Medicinal Dog Soap stimulates the skin and hair, prevents eczema and mange. 25c a cake. Sample cake free.

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The exhilarating Alpine air and sunshine of ST. MORITZ renew
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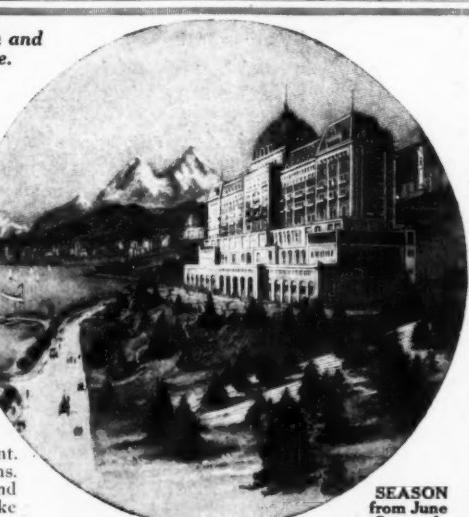
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Tennis, Golf, Croquet, Boating on the Lake,
Trout Fishing, Variety of Delightful Excursions
Daily Concerts by the Milan Orchestra

SEASON
from June to September

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

EMPLOYEE: Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary; I have got married lately.

MANAGER OF WORKS: Very sorry, Horneyhand, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to its employees when off duty. —*Tit-Bits*.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
Plain or Cork Tip
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Portfolio Photography

What would you not give for a picture of your son or daughter or some one equally dear to you? Deferred intentions often cause regrets

Photographic likenesses in the latest art portfolio mountings insuring permanent preservation are the specialty of Francesca Bostwick.

Your time and convenience not intruded upon. Appointments for studio or home sittings by correspondence. Highest references.

Francesca Bostwick
19 West 31st Street, New York.

Probably Right

They were discussing the North American Indian in a rural school, says a British weekly, when the teacher asked if anyone could tell him what the leaders of the tribes were called.

"Chief," answered a bright little girl, at the head of the class.

"Correct," answered the teacher. "Now can any of you tell me what the women were called?"

There was a silence for a minute or two, and then a small boy's hand waved eagerly aloft.

"Well, Frankie?" asked the teacher.

"Mischief," he proudly announced.

—*Youth's Companion*.



Feminist Contest

FOR the best article on Feminism in five hundred words or less, LIFE will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of LIFE consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the Feminist Number of LIFE, to be issued the first week in June, 1914. This number will present the case for and against Feminism from LIFE's own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned, if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, May 2d. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "Feminist Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered as belonging to the contest.

The editor of the *Evening Star* was deeply engrossed in his work when he was suddenly interrupted by the office boy, who remarked:

"There's a tramp at the door, Mr. Hyde, and he says he ain't had nothin' to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run the paper for another week."

—Lippincott's.



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

There is no such thing as an everlasting tire any more than there is such a thing as perpetual motion. But there are mechanisms that outlive others, and there are tires and tubes of conspicuous endurance. Need we add that we refer to Kelly-Springfields?

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

Branch offices: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Seattle, Atlanta, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, St. Louis, Detroit, Akron, O.

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New England The Vacation Land



Maine Lakes and Woods

If you want to be made over inside and out—come down into the Maine woods.

Camp on the banks of wonderful lakes that are almost forgotten by the outside world.

Take canoe trips of hundreds of miles thro' virgin wilderness.

Eat and sleep and fish and play in the REAL open.

Do you more good in two weeks than any ordinary two months? Cost is small.

Send for booklet.



The White Mountains of New Hampshire

Unrivalled combination of scenic grandeur, outdoor health, and brilliant summer life.

Mountains a mile high, hundred-mile views, 200 square miles of peaks, woods, valleys, nerve-building, vitalizing air.

Finest of all golf links, up among the clouds. Every other outdoor sport. Magnificent hotels, famous for their cuisine. Charming boarding-houses with moderate rates.

Send for free booklet.



Vacation Books

Three books that give you the *practical* facts you want to know in choosing your vacation.

They include over 1000 New England vacation resorts in the White Mountains, among the Maine and New Hampshire Lakes and Woods, at Moosehead Lake, Cape Cod, Marthas Vineyard, Nantucket, Berkshire Hills, Mt. Desert and a summer coast that borders five states.

They contain lists of the best summer hotels, boarding houses, farms and camps, with rates, and much other practical information. You will find them very helpful.

Send for them, stating region you prefer.



For booklets and full information address

VACATION BUREAU

Pier 14, North River, New York

Taking No Chances

A young Clevelander who is always generous with his touring car offered to take the old colored janitor of the apartment in which he resides downtown the other day. "No, suh, boss—no, suh, thank you, suh," grinned the ancient functionary. "I reckon I'll wait and go on de street cyah." "What's the matter, uncle? Are you afraid?" "No, suh—me afraid? No, suh, I got to wait." "Uncle, have you ever been in an automobile?" "Nevah but oncat, an' den I didn't let all ma weight down!"

Milo

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY

If you prefer Plain Ends ask for the Milo Red Box

Cork Tips in the Milo Yellow Label Box



THEIR FIRST QUARREL

A soft, rich whiskey with the flavor of an old vintage. Old fashioned distillation—ripened by age only.

Bottled in Bond

PEBBLEFORD
Old Fashioned Quality
Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTY, KY.

Mistakes in Diagnosis

Roger W. Babson, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, recently announced the results of an investigation by him to determine the number of mistakes made by medical men in diagnoses. He said that he found that in seventeen per cent. of the operations for appendicitis the post-mortem examination showed that the appendix was in perfect condition.

YES, but—business is business.



The National Engagement Ring In Motor Life

A RARE PICTURE

SENT ON APPROVAL AT YOUR REQUEST

Really good pictures are rare. Here is one that will radiate an atmosphere of smiles and good cheer in any home. Not an advertisement.

Especially reproduced in full process colors on plate-finished paper suitable for framing.

Extra Plate 22x28 in., at \$1.00 each
Medium — 11x14 in., at 25 each
Parcel Post, Prepaid Anywhere.

The edition is strictly limited and will not be reprinted. Orders will be filled as received until the supply is exhausted.

Address

Motor Life, New York, N. Y.

Motor Life Publishing Co.,
Motor Life Building,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen.—

I enclose herewith, 10 cents to cover postage charges for sending me on approval, one (Large, at \$1.00 each) full color print, entitled "The National Engagement Ring In Motor Life." It is understood that I am privileged to return the picture within 10 days after receiving it, without further cost or obligation and no questions asked.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Escape
days by

The "Old
preferred
agents ev
"Where th
Goes laug

may bring yo
How to Get
WAN
DANDOLP



"OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"

A Hint From Abroad

ADANCING teacher in Paris has brought a damage suit against the Archbishop of Paris for denouncing the tango, and the correspondents think there is a good chance that the courts will decide the question in favor of the teacher.

This is a world-emancipating idea. Why shouldn't prelates be held to account for their utterances just the same as anyone else? If an ordinary man says you are a thief, you can get the law on him in no time; but if a preacher declares you are a hardened sinner—something infinitely worse than being a thief—there is nothing for you

Here's Real Pleasure
Escape the heat and monotony of these long, languid days by an outing, vacation or exploring trip in an

"Old Town Canoe"

It will open a world of new summertime pleasures to you. The "Old Town" is strong and safe, swift and graceful—preferred by experienced canoeists. 2000 canoes in stock—agents everywhere—send for catalog.

"Where the stream in witchin' play
Goes laughin' on, jest pushin' all the
illes out his way."

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1335 MIDDLE STREET,
OLD TOWN, MAINE,
U. S. A.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 128, Washington, D. C.

to do but look sad and believe it. What is there unreasonable about a law requiring ministers to be a little more careful, requiring them to be a little surer of the location of hell and of the nature of a soul before indulging in any generalities concerning infant, or adult, damnation?

The corollary of free speech is responsibility for one's utterances, and if a minister says your soul is damned there ought to be some way to make him prove it.

E. O. J.

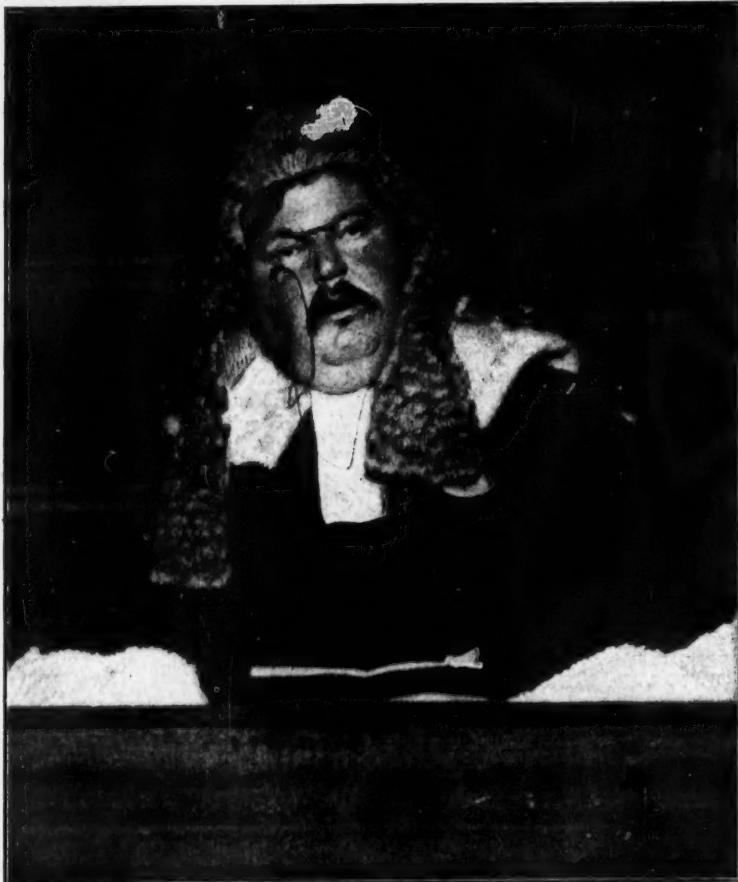
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Just the thing for Dancing parties and for Breaking in new shoes. Nothing rests the feet like Allen's Foot-Ease. The Standard Remedy for the feet for a Quarter Century. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold every where 25 cts. Do not accept any substitute.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. Address, ALLEN S. OLIMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

HE CABLED (except the *the's* and *and's*) EVERY WORD

IMEDIATELY things began to warm up in Ireland, we cabled Chesterton for a special article on the situation. If there's any writer living who can do justice to such a subject, Chesterton's the man. Of course we knew he'd rather have written something about Tulips or Dancing or Seaweed, but after a little persuasion he saw things our way. In the May **EVERYBODY'S** you will see his article—whimsical, witty and wise as ever. Himself in every line. Time was short, so he cabled the story. You'll get it sizzling and fresh, straight from the scene of action, in

MAY MAY

Everybody's Magazine



Don't Take Chances!



with acid-filled, leather destroying, cheap-costly shoe "polishes", especially if your shoes are good ones. Use only "The World's Best",

MELTONIAN CREAM

for black shoes

LUTETIAN CREAM
for tan shoes

Made by E. Brown & Sons, Ltd., and used in Europe for 60 years, these famous dressings impart a smooth, rich, lasting lustre without injury to the finest leather, but preserving the same by making it soft and pliable. NOT IN ANY WAY LIKE ORDINARY DRESSINGS. At all the better class shops and department stores. We will be glad to send you the name of a dealer in your locality.

SALOMON & PHILLIPS, American Agents
174 William Street New York

A Joke on Us

IT was rather a joke on us that Frederick Weyerhaeuser, born in 1834, a German farm laborer, should have come in 1852 to this country, and died the other day in possession of a vast fortune and in control of an estimated area of thirty million acres of timber lands.

Weyerhaeuser was a thrifty soul who lived sober and worked hard. He got employment in a lumber mill, made money and saved it, raised a family of hard-working children, and just reached out, like other persons of his kind—Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill and all the rest—for what he saw lying around. He needed the raw material of lumber, so he bought timber lands; bought, bought, bought them; cut the wood, sawed it up and sold it and bought more lands.

There was lots of timber land. The government had given it by the million acres to railroads, and gave it or sold it for little or nothing to anybody else who was smart enough to want it. Weyerhaeuser not only wanted it, but was rich enough, and diligent and able

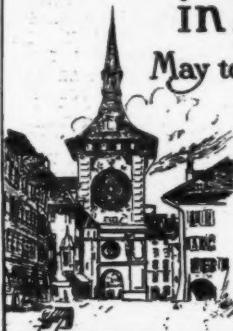


"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET!"

Father: GEORGE, YOU'RE A LIAR

Switzerland's National Exhibition in Berne

May to October 1914



On no account should you miss a visit to Berne, the picturesque capital and her great exhibition.
May we send you our POCKET SERIES NO. 44 which tells all about it and will help you plan an enjoyable tour through Switzerland?
POCKET SERIES NO. 44 is free on personal application or by mail or 10¢ postage.

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241 Fifth Avenue, New
York City

enough, to handle it, so he got it by the million acres, and, as said, he worked hard, lived happy, and died very, very rich.

It isn't so bad as it seems. The country wanted lumber and Weyerhaeuser spent all his life supplying lumber. No doubt he was a useful cog in the great industrial machine and did his work with as little waste as the government or anyone else could have done it in his day. And ownership of timber lands is, we suppose, only skin-deep anyway and Weyerhaeuser left all his land where he found it when he died. No doubt he was a natural property and product of the United States in the last half of the nineteenth century, but there will come a time when it will read like a joke that a German peasant came here in 1852 and died sixty-two years later in control of about thirty million acres of the soil of the United States.

Who Goes To Holland?

Travel by the
FLUSHING MAIL ROUTE

Day Service via Queenboro-Flushing. Night Service via Folkestone-Flushing. Shortest Channel Crossing. Largest Steamers.

Fast Through Service between London and Principal Points in Northern and Middle Europe.

Fast Boat-trains between Flushing and The Hague, Amsterdam, Cologne, Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Bale, Triest, etc.

For time tables, rates and further particulars apply to the American Agency of the Flushing Line and Netherland State Rys., 334 Fifth Avenue, New York.

EVETTE — HOUBIGANT



The newest creation of Houbigant, master of perfumes—seductive but *spirituelle*—richly alluring but innocent of sensual appeal—pronounced, original, distinctive.

Your perfumer has it or will get it
Send for Small Sample Bottle, 20c
PARK & TILFORD, Sole Agents, NEW YORK



Resinol Soap protects the complexion

Do not imagine that Resinol Soap is only for sick skins. Effective as it is in the care of the many distressing conditions to which the complexion is subject, Resinol Soap is first of all a superbly pure toilet soap, with a rich, cleansing lather that *protects* well skins from those very conditions. The Resinol balsams which it contains keep the skin soft, white and clear, the hair thick and lustrous, and the scalp free from dandruff.

The very rich pay as much as three dollars a cake for their toilet soap, but at twenty-five cents, Resinol Soap actually gives equal quality, plus antiseptic Resinol cleanliness. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 56-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

For nineteen years physicians have prescribed Resinol for the skin.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains Resinol, making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. Trial on request

Making It Right

"Of course, you have made some promises you didn't keep."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I never yet broke a promise to a man without giving him a better one in its stead."—*Washington Star*.

MADGE: Have you really found that absence makes the heart grow fonder?

MARYORIE: Indeed I have! Since Charlie went away, I've learned to love Jack ever so much more.

—Lippincott's.



*Gentleman in Rear: DON'T BE AFRAID,
OLD MAN. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!*

The Chauffeur Says :

"Comin' back from the Princeton game, we met three cars in the ditch. And say, my Autowline yanked 'em out like they was little red wagons. Me for Autowline!"

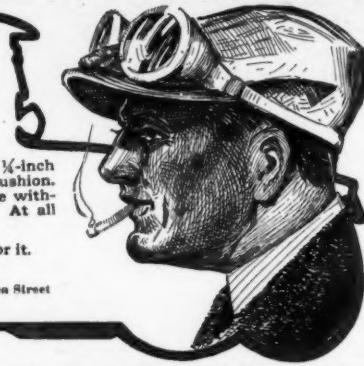
Basline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull" is built for road emergencies. About 25 feet of flexible $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch Yellow Strand wire rope. Coils up flat under a cushion. Weighs but $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Pulls a 4000-lb. car up a 20% grade without a murmur. Genuine "get home insurance." At all supply dealers. \$3.95, east of Rocky Mountains.

FREE: Illustrated Autowline Circular. Write for it.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

500 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 200 Warren Street
Manufacturers of Famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope



favor the corrective influences of family life for the unfortunate or the mentally ailing. It is an instructive appreciation of the truth of this principle that makes some southern and far-western States send their orneriest statesmen to the Senate. The inside of Fifth Avenue would do Frank a lot of good. He seems a robust young man and could probably survive one season of dinners. And who can doubt that it would interest and edify Fifth Avenue to meet him?

The Right Punishment for Frank

A YEAR in jail somewhere for Frank Tannenbaum!

Too bad, because it seems doubtful if it will do Frank any good. His disease has been diagnosed by an expert as sociological adolescence, a complaint that wears off naturally without medicine if the sufferer has proper diet and supervision and a suitable environment. Imprisonment is apt to drive it in, and make it permanent. Frank was much at fault in the details of his gay behavior with the unemployed. Our notion of a punishment to fit his crimes would be a sentence to dine all the way up Fifth Avenue, one house every night, seven nights a week, beginning with William Rockefeller, on Fifty-fourth Street, and ending with the neighbors beyond Andrew Carnegie. If Frank had started in to serve this sentence last month he would have done several blocks before the residents left town, and could have finished next winter so that it would have been a year-long job.

Of course, it is not in the discretion of the courts to impose such sentences, but it should be. All institutional correction is defective. The best experts

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America's Latest and Most Refined and New York's Centermost Hotel

Only hotel occupying an entire city block, Vanderbilt and Madison Aves., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms; 950 with bath — Room rates from \$2.50 per day. Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for permanent occupancy. Large and small ball, banquet and dining salons and suites specially arranged for public or private functions.

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John McE. Bowman
Vice-Pres.

VOGUE**Interior Decorations of Summer Homes Number, now on sale**

VOGLUE, as you know, is the recognized authority on fashions. But Vogue, does not confine itself to fashions by any means: it is as much an authority on house decoration as on dress.

And now that the rush of the Spring Fashion is over—and while the Summer Fashions are still in the future—Vogue finds an opportunity to present a special number containing the newest and best ideas in household decoration.

For the Interior Decorations Number—now on sale—we have procured the best new things offered by the leading furniture makers, spinners and weavers, rug makers, silversmiths, candlestick makers, and all the ingenious race of interior decorators. The demand for this Interior Decoration number is naturally great—you might do well to make sure of your copy at once.

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Twice a month

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24 numbers



Inconsistent

IT appears from dispatches published in the papers that there are more unemployed men this year than for many years past. Armies of these unemployed are marching from place to place. In New York the number has been estimated at over three hundred thousand.

What is the objection to this? Why shouldn't people be unemployed if they want to be? From the days of the Garden of Eden work has been known as a curse. If so many men all over

A CASCADE HIGHBALL

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

We are offering today what we distilled and purified years ago—time has completed what we started. Result—purity and smoothness, richness and mellowness.

Original bottling has old gold label.

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D

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A Smart Style for Every Occasion

Exclusive Custom Styles \$4.00 and up

JUST as soon as new style-effect is sanctioned by the style dictators, here or over seas, it goes into the Regal Line. The ultra-smart "duck bill" toe, shown above, is an example of *Regal Up-To-Dateness*, giving you exclusive "custom" styles at moderate prices.

"WEST-END" Chisel-Toe Oxford—\$6

Mahogany Russia Calf; long, slender forepart; squarish, "chisel-slope" toe; decoration punched on tip; extension sole; hand pegged heel-lift; invisible eyelets; narrow cord laces; back seam locked with an "anchor stay." Also available in Imported Black Russia and Patent Leather.

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Send for our Spring Style Book—it's free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

264 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

the country have suddenly awakened to this fact, why quarrel with them?

And haven't they the best of reasons? Man has long been known as an imitative animal. How can they help being idle when the example is set before them among the rich? Think of how many idle ladies there are, who have nothing to do but attend lectures, authors' readings, and sessions of woman's clubs, in which feminism is discussed! Consider the number of idle rich, who go about in motor cars, play bridge and poker, and bet on the steamer's run!

Speaking, however, of all these unemployed, it may be rather hard on them to be starving while they are idle, as many of them are said to be. But one cannot expect to have everything in this world.

"BOBBIE, why did you take your little sister's candy and eat it? Why didn't you ask her if you could have it?"

"Why, I did, mamma, and she said I couldn't."—*Boston Transcript*.



"WAR IS HELL"

**It is
Easy
To Have a
Beautiful Lawn**

when you keep it in perfect condition with the Ideal Power Lawn Mower.

Mr. R. E. Olds, the famous automobile and gasoline engine inventor, saw that "a simple reliable light-weight power lawn mower was almost a necessity. He began experimenting and the result of his experiments is the Ideal Power Lawn Mower.

When Mr. Olds began investigating this matter he found that the power lawn mowers on the market were too heavy for soft, wet sod and hillside work. He found that the horse-drawn mower was not satisfactory, as the horse's hoofs would cut into the wet sod and spoil the lawn, and that the horse would eat up, and trample down the shrubbery.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower will do more and better work than the horse-drawn mower. It will turn corners and work in places where the horse cannot be used. It will work up close around shrubbery, flower beds and walks. It is a lawn roller as well as a lawn mower. It leaves the lawn in perfect condition and as smooth as velvet. It has a 35-inch cut, will travel from two to three miles an hour, and it is easy to operate, as all the controls are within easy reach of the operator.

The price of this mower, all complete, ready for shipment, is only \$375.00. Write today for complete information.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co., 408 Kalamazoo St., Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A.

Williams'

PATENTED

Holder Top Shaving Stick

Greater Convenience—Greater Satisfaction

Your fingers do not touch the soap. You grasp it by the metal cap in which the stick is firmly fastened, rub it gently over the face, which has previously been moistened, and then return the Shaving Stick to its nickel container.

The Holder-Top permits you to use the stick down to the last available bit with perfect ease and convenience.

THREE OTHER FORMS OF THE SAME GOOD QUALITY

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover Nickled Box
 Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover Nickled Box
 Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

A sample of any one of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4¢ in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
 Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM SOAP and our extensive line of Toilet soaps have the same softening, creamy, emollient qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous.

Ask your dealer for them.

Songs of the States

A Lay of Massachusetts Bay

THE world went well; the heavens smiled, complacent,
 On Massachusetts Bay and parts adjacent;

The Savages, arrayed in skins of beavers,
 Had been removed by providential fevers;

The fields were flourishing, and e'en the bearish
 Allowed that trade and fisheries were fairish;

The Williamses, the Hutchinsons, the Quakers
 And other contumacious trouble-makers,

Convinced by potent arguments, had vanished
 (Imprisoned, whipped at cart-tail, hanged or banished),

When Parson Bondish, strong in exhortation,
 Arose to edify the congregation,

Beginning—not in total self-effacement)—
 With some few words of personal abasement.

"Dear Brothers," quoth the Preacher, "in all meekness
 I come, a child of wrath and sin and weakness,—"

"Amen! that's true!" intoned a rash invader,
 Defiance Cock, the surly Indian trader.

"Yea, here I stand," resumed the scowling Preacher,
 "A Thing of Naught, a miserable creature—"

"Aye," growled the Trader, "ye were born and bred so;
 'Tis true as Gospel—even if ye said so."

"A Worm am I!" the Parson thundered, banging
 His oaken desk,—"A Wretch too bad for hanging!"

"Correct," cried Cock, despite impending fury,
 "As I will gladly prove before a jury."

Good Bondish clenched both fists; a stout crusader,
 He braved Defiance Cock, the Indian trader.

"When I," he blared, "self-humbled, would have cleared
 me
 Of Pride of Flesh, thou ventrest to beard me?

"I own my faults, I hope to rise above them,—
 But no one else shall dare to tell me of them!"

Whereat, the Parson rapidly descended—
 And then and there the controversy ended,

Stern Bondish preaching hours, unrelenting,
 At Cock within the pillory, repenting.

And this is why I dare not tell my story—
 For Boston might not think it laudatory;

And why I'll ever strive to be complacent
 Toward Massachusetts Bay and parts adjacent.

Arthur Guiterman.

A might
ing, Mo
Fishing.
C. H. EVA





UP A TREE

The Man on a Boat

wants what he likes right at his elbow,
particularly if it's a bottle of good old

Evans' Ale

A mighty fine thing to have while Yachting, Motor Boating, Sailing, Canoeing or Fishing. "Old reliable" under all conditions.

In Bottles and Splits. Leading Dealers
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Estab. 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.

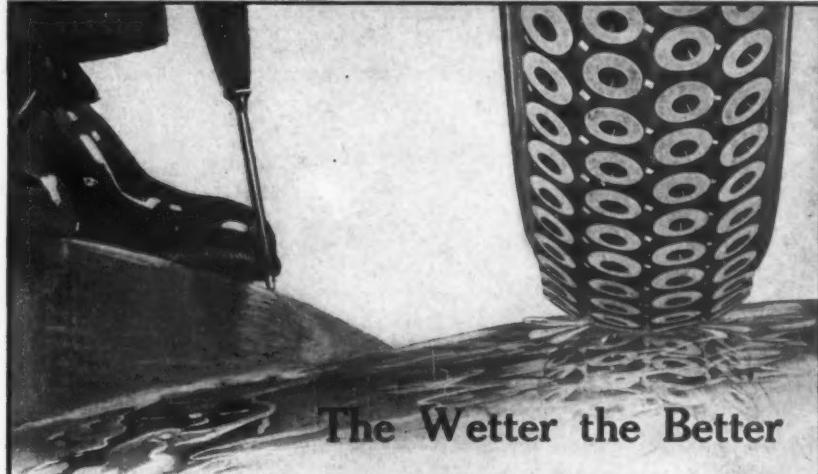


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LEARN THE NEW STEPS AT HOME

Only book containing complete authentic instruction for the Real Tango, One Step, Hesitation, and other Waltzes, Castle Walk, The Innovation, Mazurka, and All Late Dances. Written and illustrated by famous theatrical producer and fancy dancer. Steps clearly explained by copyrighted Count System, used and recommended by leading teachers. "The Tango Book," equal to \$100 worth of lessons, price postpaid \$1. Particulars free.

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The Wetter the Better

IT'S the wet or grease of the slippery pavement that seals the strong, elastic Vacuum Cups and forms the never-slipping suction grip.

On the slippery slant to the curb—in a hundred close situations where a skid means collision—there's positive safety in

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial period.

The same massive cups that hold the slippery surface and thrust deep to good traction on soft roads, also give the greatest extra wear of any tread. 4,500 actual miles guaranteed, with average service always nearer twice that distance.

And then—the absolutely oilproof quality—the greatest tire saver known—does away with the only disadvantage of traveling oiled roads.

For complete safety and maximum service
equip with V. C. Tires—dealers everywhere

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Let Us Be Logical

The papers made a great point of the fact that a Baltimore society girl was married to a physician who is a Socialist. Since the views of the participants are important, why not tell the rest:

"The bride's mother is a Catholic, her father a Jeffersonian Democrat and a bridge player. The minister is a conservative Progressive Republican. The six bridesmaids are, respectively, a suffragist, an anti, a Daughter of the Revolution, a Sunday-school teacher, the treasurer of a literary club, and a beautiful and accomplished daughter, fond of outdoor sports. The sexton is in favor of large families, and the organist thinks that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The flower girl believes in Santa Claus."—*The Masses*.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.



SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

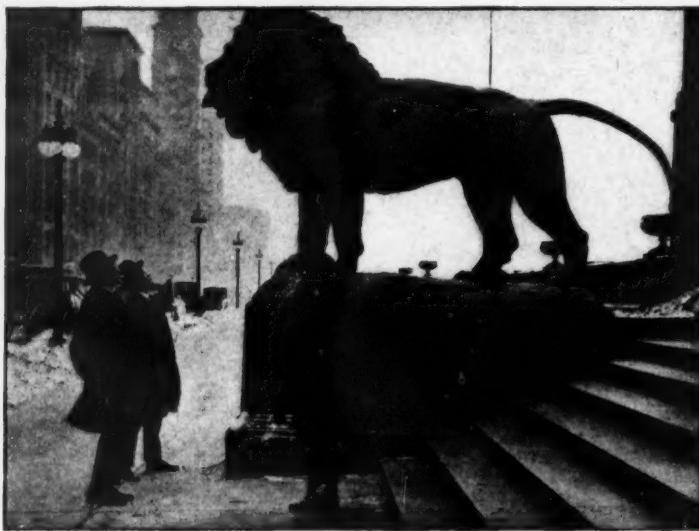
by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

*Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.*

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.



*Julian Street
Bought
This Lion*

At least the Chicago papers say he did. The reporters saw that Street was a stranger, a long way from home, and so, they say, they sold it to him.

Street is now "ABROAD AT HOME." With Wallace Morgan, the artist, he is laughing his way across the continent, "discovering the United States." Maybe he'll visit your city; maybe he already has—

He's writing the freshest, most interesting travel stories imaginable; twelve of them—different from anything you've ever seen; they're to start in May in

Collier's

The National Weekly

Hamlin Garland's new serial "A Son of the Middle Border"—it's in Collier's.

Richard Washburn Child's keen series "Industrial War— or Peace?"—strong meat for thinking men and women—in Collier's.

Peter B. Kyne, George Fitch, Henry Beach Needham, Grantland Rice, Isaac F. Marcosson, Peter Clark Macfarlane—all in the May issues of Collier's.

If you can't get Collier's at your news stand, clip the coupon.

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Coca-Cola
Pure and Wholesome

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

In the Growth of Corn

There's a time when the kernels are plumped out with a sweet, nutritious "milk."

As the corn ripens this "milk" slowly hardens and finally becomes the flinty, pearly white part of the kernel.

Post Toasties are made from this best part, carefully cooked, rolled into thin bits, then toasted to a delicate golden brown, without touch of hand.

Ready to eat! Add cream—and a little sugar if you like. One doesn't forget the delicious "Toastie" flavor.

Ask your grocer—anywhere—

Post Toasties

